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SENIOR NUMBER

THE SPIRIT
AMES, IOWA

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1921
(Jun)

STRAW HATS—



You know they are stylish. You can be certain that every detail is correct; style, fit, fabric, pattern and make, if you buy "MARTIN" clothes. Prices to suit the purchaser

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WOULD SAVE
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JAMESON'S

THE SPIRIT

VOL. 10

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LITERARY

FAIRY TALES

THREE BLADES OF GRASS

or

HOW WE CAME TO HAVE OUR FIRST GREEN GOLD

Once upon a time, a long time ago there lived three little men in the deep dark forest. Their home was a tiny log house, moss grown and shaded with vines and shadows from the big tree which stood so close to their home it nearly hid it from view. For protection these little men each had a trusty sword of gold and how these little men loved their swords; for they had saved them from their foes, the Red Goblins many times.

These little Red Goblins also lived in this forest, and were always slyly creeping from bush to bush ready to pounce on to the little men and carry away their precious swords.

One bright day when the little men were out hunting, they became very tired and were resting by the side of a brook when one of the Red Goblins in the form of a red poppy suddenly sprang up at their feet and put them all to sleep. The other two goblins quickly seized the swords and whisked away on the wind.

When the three awoke they were indeed three very unhappy little men. They were a long way from home and it was beginning to darken. They trudged home very sad and forlorn. They did not indulge in their favorite sport of leap frog before night time. Indeed their sorrow brought the whip-poor-will out to complain of it all.

In fact all the forest folk crept off silently to bed because the little men were so sad.

The eldest went in to find comfort in telling his loss to his goldfish. The youngest called his pet owl to council. But the poor

little man who was neither young nor old, strolled aimlessly thru the dewy grass not minding the little cricket who hopped bravely along after him, chirping, "Cheerup!" "Cheerup!" No the little man could not cheer up and at last he flung himself down on the grass to whisper his woe in the warm ear of mother earth.

Presently a soft rustling attracted his attention. He sat up and then joyfully recognized Good Luck, his dear four-leaved clover friend. "My leaves are all tired from rustling so long," sighed the little clover leaf. "Why are you so sad that you do not hear the voice of your best friend?" Then the little man shook the dew from the glossy leaves; and feeling that help was at hand told the whole story. When he had finished the rustling leaves said. "You must hasten my friend, the night is damp and will make you ill. Take these," and stooping low Good Luck swung one of the leaves down sharply and cut off three slender blades of grass standing near by. They were lonely blades and each edge was sharp as a tiny saw.

"These will make stronger swords than those you have lost," the soft voice whispered. "Go cautiously to the spring at the foot of Mossy Mound and bathe these blades in its crystal waters. Shape the handles while still at the spring and then dry them by the light of the moon shining over your right shoulder. But now my good friend you must be on your way Adieu! and Good Luck."

You may be sure the little man performed his task gladly and when the last drop of the crystal water had been dried from the blades, by the moon light coming over his right shoulder, the little man held three glittering swords, sharper, stronger and more beautiful than those which had been stolen.

scarcely speak. Finally he said, "Oh, I'm so very, very lonesome. If I could only have a companion to talk to me. All day long, I talk to the flowers, and birds, but they are not human."

"Oh Reggie, that is easy. Just pluck a feather from my left wing." Reginald did as he was bid, and at once the bird began to change its ugly shape, and Reggie blinked his eyes. On the table, sat, not a great ugly bird, but the sweetest little dwarf girl that Reggie had ever seen.

At first Reggie almost fainted with surprise, but when he saw she was really a little girl, he went to her, and took the hand she offered and helped her from the table.

Almost at once, they heard a noise! A scuffling of feet, and a loud cursing.

"Oh! My Brothers! What shall I do? They will beat me, because I have nothing cooked for them to eat. Oh dear! What shall I do?"

In his terror he scarcely noticed that a great black bird flew out of the window, till suddenly he heard.

"Help! Oh what's that? Help, run for your life," and such exclamations which grew fainter.

At length Reginald opened the door to see that his brothers were gone, and in their place stood the little dwarf girl.

"Reginald," she said, "I came to make your life happy, and be a companion for you. But the Fairy Queen says I need not stay if you are not kind to me."

Ever after that, a big black raven would call at the window, and when Reggie opened the window she would fly in, and when Reggie plucked a feather from her wing a little girl would stand before him. Sometimes it would be the same girl, sometimes a different one, and Reggie was happy now.

ADA ROBINSON.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Bobby Fenwick, a small, freckle faced, blue eyed boy of eleven, was sitting before the fire in the parlor, reading the most thrilling story of a knight.

"Gee!" he breathed, "How I wish I could be a knight and ride around on a steed all trimmed with silver an' have a lance an' go and find a pretty princess locked up in a

Happiness and joy came back with the swords and the little men once more whistled and sang.

"How beautiful they are," sang the happy little men. "The moon light put the faint gold tint into the blades and now we have a sword of green gold. Long life to our friend "Good Luck."

And so now you know how we came by our first green gold.

SEVEN LITTLE DWARVES

Once upon a time, there were seven little dwarf men who were brothers, and they all lived together in a little hut on the side of the mountain.

These little men were very queer little fellows. They ranged in size from nine to twelve inches in height, and they were all very gruff and cruel except one, who was the youngest.

Now Reginald, the youngest kept house while his brother went to work in the diamond mines.

Poor Reggie! He was so mistreated by his tiny brothers. He was given the scraps from the table for his dinner, and if he dared to touch anything else he was sure to be beaten. Can you imagine anyone about the size of a little girls doll, being beaten by another tiny little doll? Don't you feel sorry for poor little Reggie?

One day, when Reggie was washing their little dishes, and feeling very sad about his hard lot, he heard a voice calling him to the window!

It sounded hoarse, as with much shouting. Reggie was surprised and afraid for he knew everyone but he was at the mines. Again he heard the voice.

"Reggie, Reggie. Reginald, come to the window."

With great fear he went to the window, opened it, and in flew a large black raven. So large that the wind from her wings nearly blew little Reggie away. The great raven hopped across the floor and stepped upon the table and regarded Reggie with her great bright eyes.

"Reggie, my lad," she said. "I've been sent by the Fairy Queen to ask you what you want to make you happy? I will grant you one wish."

Reginald was so pleased, that he could

tower. An' then when I got done bein' a knight I'd just change back to "me" again and then wouldn't I have somethin' to say to the fellers?"

Scarcely had the words been uttered when a funny little sound, made Bobby turn his head to see what it was. There on the mantel was the tiniest, roundest, blackest little goblin that Bobby had ever seen. He could hardly believe his eyes.

"Wh-wh-who are you?" stammered Bobby with wide open eyes.

"Why, don't you know me? I'm the King of the Fairies. I don't look much like a fairy do I? Well, that's the way all little boy fairies look. It isn't really soot on us you know, its just our color. But listen Bob, I just heard you say you would like to be a knight, didn't I? Um—huh, I thought so. Well now, just look at that window over there for a little bit and I'll see what I can do for you!"

Bobby turned toward the window and sat very still. Suddenly he felt his legs becoming rather stiff and then his whole body and then something cold slipped onto his head. By this time, however, he could no longer watch out the window, and looked down to discover that he was in full armor and standing on a grassy hill overlooking a deep river. The Fairy King had gone. When he turned around he saw a beautiful palace, but there seemed to be no life there so he decided to go and investigate a little bit.

"Well," Bobby sighed as he climbed stair after stair, "There doesn't seem to be anybody around, so I'll just keep agoin' till somebody does come and tells me to keep out of mischief."

But he did not go much further for he was confronted by two monster dragons, as he turned the next corner. The dragons were lying, one on each side of a door. The door was shut but Bobby had a vague feeling that a princess was being kept in that room and that all the people of the palace were enchanted into other forms.

"I guess it's up to me to get that princess out of there," he mused. "But it's goin' to take a peck of nerve to kill those dragons."

However he set about to find a way to get the Princess out. He descended the stairs and walked around the palace, examining

the walls and surroundings to find any possible way to get to her room without the dragons hearing him. If they did, it would mean sure death.

Suddenly away off in the sky he saw a black object of some kind flying through the air and it seemed to be coming straight towards him. As it came nearer Bobby noticed that it was the Fairy King.

"Oh, Mr. King!" he cried, when he was within hearing distance, "come and help me! I think I have found a princess who is locked in a tower and guarded by two dragons. Isn't there some way I can rescue her? I've quite made up my mind to, but I don't know how."

Well now, let me see," responded the King. "Those old dragons are really two old witches in disguise. They thought they would get revenge on the king of this palace for stealing their land, so they changed everyone to a different form and locked the princess up by herself. They also said that the only way the king and his wife and children could come back to life was, that someone else had to touch each one of them and at the same time pronounce four words which no one knows. If you can do this they will become alive again. There are only nine people to free because when nine people are freed the rest become free also." So saying he vanished.

"Nine chances aren't very many but I know those people must suffer so I will do my best." With this Bobby went into the palace and looked in every room before making his decision.

In one of these rooms he found a scrap of paper on which four characters were written. Bobby studied and pondered and turned the paper all kinds of ways trying to read this, but it was useless, the writing was in language foreign to him.

"I'd like to read this," he exclaimed aloud.

Hardly had he said the words when a little black goblin stood before him.

"You have spoken magic words," said the goblin. "I am your slave, bound to do whatever you wish, that is within my power. My name is Pip."

Bobby stared hard at him before he made any answer. Finally he said, "Can you make people alive who are in different shapes?"

"Why, my dear boy, that's my special line of work," laughed Pip.

Bobby could hardly believe his ears.

"Will you come with me and help me free nine people I know of that have been enchanted by two old witches." Bobby then told him the whole story.

For answer Pip took Bobby by the hand and went into the palace. He went into the first room and looked around, sniffing everything he touched. He stopped a long while by a little purple foot stool and finally he said, "This smells more like flesh and blood, than it does a footstool. But you said that you had to speak four words. What are they?"

"I don't know," answered Bobby. "But I found a piece of paper with four words on it this afternoon. Perhaps you can read them." And he showed Pip the scrap of paper.

"Fresh Soap and Water," read Pip. "Some funny words to make people alive, but you try and see how they work."

Thereupon Bobby walked to the stool, touched it and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Fresh Soap and Water!"

Immediately a beautiful little golden haired blue eyed boy of four years stood before them. He was too scared however, by the sight of the goblin to say anything, but he followed them quietly as they went into another room. In the next room two people, who were the King and the Queen, were brought to life. They had been two andirons before the fireplace. From this room they went into other rooms where they discovered the other six children, all children of the King and Queen.

When the first child was transformed the dragons began a low growling and each time a child was restored they growled louder until their noise could be heard for miles around. When the last child had been freed, they gave one last howl, louder than any before and lifting their scaly wings, vanished.

After awhile Bobby noticed that the noise had stopped and calling all his friends (for he had become acquainted with them and had gained permission to woo their eldest daughter not yet freed) ascended the stairs until he came to the Princess' room.

The key was found lying on the floor be-

fore the door and Bobby snatched it and thrust it into the keyhole. Slowly the door swung open and as it swung farther and farther back Bobby saw the Princess.

She was sitting on her bed watching with wondering eyes the group before her. Suddenly her face lighted up and she exclaimed, "Is it you, father and mother? And who is this knight who is with you?"

"Daughter," spoke the King, "This is Sir Robert Fenwick who has come to seek your hand in marriage. Speak daughter and tell him yes."

The Princess blushed and stood with downcast eyes, but these words were heard, "Sir Bobby, come!"

Bobby rushed forward and gathered her into his arms. The next day, all was merry making and feasting for it was the wedding day of Sir Robert and the Princess Rosalie.

By RUTH E. MILLER.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

(Stage setting)

To resemble a wood.

(Time)

1931.

(Characters)

Curtain rises on lonesome wood. Several moments elapse. All is very quiet. Sounds of someone wakening issue from the wood. No one is seen.

A figure emerges from the brush and undergrowth. It is a man not very old. He is dressed in a once beautiful suit but it is now wrinkled and torn. The birds have built nests in his coat pockets. Vines have grown over him until he can hardly get untangled from his trap. He rubs his eyes again and again, feels his flowing beard and looks in surprise at everything around him. His every move and look are of absolute "blankness" of mind.

Coming to a log in the wood (near front stage) he sits down and begins the laborious task of removing his decorations. He talks as he works. At first his voice is strange and it seems hard to make the words express themselves but as he progresses his voice loosens up. All the time he is filled with

wonder at his surroundings.

"I w-wonder wh-where I am at? I don't remember having come here. I've never seen this place before. What are these infernal things wrapped around my legs? Vines! Holy snakes! And birds' nests in my pocket! (Long pause in which he tries to think) Hang it! The last thing I can remember is the High School picnic and I laid down under a wild gooseberry bush to take my usual nap that I was accustomed to having in school."

(Rubs stomach, finds it is very concave).

"Something feels rather gone in this region. Oh where and who am I? I'd like to know what day it is and what time. I feel so unnecessary."

He falls into a reverie trying to think. A voice of someone singing disturbs his thoughts. He sees a lady approaching. Immediately he begins to try and improve his appearance. He thrusts his long' seedy beard inside his coat, throws back his shock of hair, brushes as best he can, his clothes.

Enter a woman about twenty-seven years old, dressed in hiking costume. She carries a butterfly net. Around her neck she wears a long ribbon to which is fastened a large magnifying glass. From her pocket peeps a book on 'Butterflies and Their Relatives.'

She discovers the stranger and very, very cautiously looks him over. Her face fills with awe and wonder at such a specimen. She becomes very brave and speaks:

"Pardon me, sir, are you a stranger here?"

He: "I don't know."

She: "What, don't know?"

He: "Well, you see, its like this, I went to a picnic sometime or other and I went to sleep. That's all I know about it except that I found myself today in this woods I've never seen before and—well just look at me and I don't see how I ever got in such a fix."

She: (In surprise) "Why I know you I'll bet! You are Frank Kulow aren't you? Well, I'm Agnes McCarthy, don't you remember now? You have been here quite awhile, slept longer than they used to let you sleep in class."

He: (thinking very hard) "I'm beginning to see daylight now. How long have I been asleep—very long?"

She: "Oh, let me see, this is 1931, well, Frank you've been asleep about ten years I guess for we graduated in 1921."

He: "Tell me about the kids. I reckon they've spread out considerable since—"

She: "Oh yes, just a few are left. Marjorie French is President of I. S. C. A good one too.

"Ethel Dawson has taken Miss Harwood's place as Dean of Women at the college.

"Grace Bentley, Ruth Miller and Geverna Erickson have gone to Europe to encourage the inhabitants to stay at home.

"I read in the paper yesterday of the approaching marriage of Agnes Noble to a professor of music in Leland Stanford university. She has become a great singer as well as president of the National Federation of the Woman's Club."

He: "What are you doing? Tell me about yourself."

She: "Mildred Porter and Tom Clark are raising popcorn. It is necessary to use the powder on the butterflies wings to make good popcorn. So they hired me to chase butterflies for them. Its good pay and not hard work."

He: (to himself) "Just like her."

She: "Robert Murray is a famous book reviewer and has a place in the Hall of Fame. He spends his summers in South Dakota at the State Capitol.

"Ben Wagner and Leslie McWilliam are running a half-way house in the middle of the Atlantic for submarines. They complain of the dampness because it takes the crease out of their trousers.

"Margaret Macy is the leading fashion expert in Japan. She is very wealthy and employs several thousand assistants. Clinton Adams has just sailed for Japan to fill the vice presidency of the firm."

He: "Is that all Clint's going for?"

She: "The paper didn't say."

He: "Where do you learn so much about the old class mates?"

She: "Well, I don't know. You see, I always did know everything that went on around Ames."

He: "That's true."

She: "Albert Tesdall has become one of the most famous agriculturists in the United States. He has improved wonderfully since he was a Senior and is now sought as an

ideal husband by several foreign heiresses.

"Hazel Morrison is caterer at the home of Governor Van Epps. You remember Merle don't you? He is considered one of the best Governors Iowa has produced. A rumor has been circulated that he will be next president.

"Leslie O'Brien is traveling with a circus, his duty is playing the steam calliope. In the same circus some other Ames kids have become famous. William Tanner is a great cyclist and performs some hair-raising stunts with his flying motorcycle.

"Neva Gilbert has become a movie queen and features in society plays.

"Florence Speers has given up her position as private secretary to a multi-millionaire of New York, to return to Glidden, Iowa, as the wife of Mr. Storms."

He: "Who is that, anyone I know?"

She: "Yes, you have heard of him. He visited here quite frequently when she was a Senior.

"I heard last week that Mae Adamson and Edith Speers were big social butterflies in Lincoln, Nebraska.

"I saw Ted and Arnold the other day. They are managers of a large modiste shop in Maine. They said they came to Iowa for some 'corn fed models.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Seeds visited Ames last week. They are living in Detroit, Michigan. Mrs. Seeds was formerly Myrl Garretson. She has not changed any since she left.

"Ackley Beman has given up all serious thoughts of matrimony and joined his brother, Estey, last month in an extensive tour thru Estey's beet gardens in Tennessee.

He: "Does Estey still talk as much?"

She: "Oh yes, Sam Battell has worked many years to perfect a pipe that carries the air from Estey's office to the hot house. This saves heat.

He: "What became of Charline Woods and her Phi Gam? Is she still here?"

She: "Oh, she comes thru Ames quite often. She has become quite stout. I think she is teaching English Literature in Cambridge.

"Jan Gans has become owner of the Woolworth building. She spends her time and money bettering the social conditions of the "500."

He: "Rather unexpected wasn't it?"

She: "Yes, Jane had planned on being night clerk in the Ritz-Carleton Hotel.

"Fred Stoddard has the good fortune to become leader of Sousa's Band. Last year while traveling with his band in Italy the sound of the spaghetti eaters was so discordant that he had a nervous break down. He has been recuperating on his Texas ranch.

"Percy Carey and Harold Gilbert are political bosses. They have caused heated arguments over the country at each election.

"Burneita Burton has enlisted in the Red Cross and sailed for Switzerland several years ago to become national secretary."

He: "Where's Elizabeth, I used to know her pretty good?"

She: "Well, Elizabeth Scovel, Mildred Ghrist, Josephine Maroney, Lois Lawler and Kathryn Smutz have turned man-haters—."

He: "Aw are you trying to kid me?"

She: "Keep still—yes they hate the men and are running a school for girls at Nevada."

"Verne Adamson has become champion golfer and tennis player of America. He has spent many years in writing books for beginners on these sports.

"Russell Thompson has become mayor of Nevada. Homer Tostlebe is leader of the village band and chief of police. They are great favorites.

"Mary Wasser is a gym teacher in Nome, Alaska. The natives are quite taken up with her.

"Marjorie Beam is mistress of a home—"

He: "Who is he?"

She: "Why can't you guess? They have a beautiful residence in one of Chicago's suburbs."

"Rex White is in Chicago too, peddling a new kind of dirt remover for grimy hands."

He: "Seems as if all the class is doing something pretty big."

She: "Of course, what would you have expected them to be—a bunch of day laborers?"

"Burnice Hubbart has the distinction of being the only living model of mens' attire. He is paid a royalty to advertise Florsheim shoes, Phoenix hose, Boston garters, B. V. D's, Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes, Arrow collars and Stetson hats."

He: "Couldn't they have had him advertise Gillets safety razors and Mary Jane shoes?"

She: "I'm sure I don't know."

"Brice Gamble is a lawyer in Meservy, Iowa. I guess he is going to move to Cincinnati soon to practice."

"Harriet Allen is dietician at the Mary Greeley hospital. Her sister Gladys, is head nurse of the hospital."

"Elmer Malmanger has a monopoly on the umbrella menders' industry. He has several Ames High assistants in his firm. Clemma Johnson is rib-straightner, Eber Sherman goes through the country collecting old umbrellas, Myrl Smith covers the ribs. This industry is very promising."

"Gertrude Murray is life saver at Lake Okoboji. She loves the work and enjoys the place."

"Pearl Nunamaker has been married to an English diamond-mine owner. Their domestic troubles have filled the papers for the last six months. I guess she will succeed in divorcing him."

He: "What was the trouble?"

She: "She claims his hair is coming out and she can't stand a baldheaded man."

"Floyd Scarborough has just succeeded in beating Bus Proctor's time forever. He has taken Mary with him to Siberia where he will become manager of the telegraph company there. Bus, you know, is manager of the Paige Motor Car Company of Michigan."

"Emily Mellor has been in a sanitarium for several years. Not as a patient but as bride of the head doctor. The patients love her very much for she has such winsome ways."

"You could never guess what happened to Anson Marston! Poor fellow, he fell madly in love with Edna and Ethel Armstrong. He wanted to marry them both but couldn't so he has gone to Australia to write a book on 'The Eternal Feminine,' and drown his sorrow."

He: "Who would ever thought it of Anson?"

She: "He has been a great scientist since he left college but has abandoned his work."

"Thelma Houghan has been in the Follies since leaving Ames High. Her pictures and fancy dresses are in every Sunday paper."

"Edna Coe of course, has been married all these years."

He: "Heh! Heh!"

She: "Grayce Johnson has adopted four orphans. She is raising them according to Hattie Ball's book on "The Way to Raise 'Em." Hattie has been employed for six years at the Silas Marner Children's Home."

He: "Is Pete Downey still around?"

She: "No, he left as soon as he graduated for Hawaii to learn how to wiggle all over instead of just wiggling his ears. For several years he had been deacon in the Congregational church."

He: "Where does he get his money?"

She: "He inherited several dollars, about five I think from the estate of Mr. Zentmire."

"Orley Ryan has done as several others have. She is married and lives in Ohio."

"You remember Bertha Lawson? She's train caller at Denver, Colorado. Her husband is station agent there."

"Blanche Shaw is chief of police in Butte, Montana. Her work has made her quite slender."

"George Rosenfield was convicted and sent to prison for cruelty to the animals in the Vet. building at I. S. C. He was just released a couple of months ago. He has been working on the section lately."

"Edna and Ethel Armstrong are reporters for the Ames Daily Grind."

"Violet Tripp is a very efficient designer for Sears, Sawbuck & Co."

"You remember that little Shrimp Godard don't you?"

He: "Yes."

She: "Well he is leader of the New York Sym Orchestra. He is so short he has to stand on a chair to lead. He didn't like the color of his hair so he dyed it black. Men are vain."

"Faye Griffith is the leader of a great reform league. Their purpose is to do away with all gum chewers and life saver fiends. She works, especially in Ames High."

"Dorothy Craven is solo dancer at the Winter Garden in New York."

He: "Is she a success?"

She: "I should say so. She has bobbed her hair, installed a permanent wave and has changed her ways a great deal. This all helped."

"Charles Knapp is managing a ladies tailoring establishment in Missouri. Strange,

isn't it, what different pursuits people will follow?"

He: "Sid Davis used to run around with him. Where is Sid?"

She: "During the week he runs an employment agency. On Sunday he is a Methodist Sunday school sup't."

"Ruth Confare has a Sweet meat Shop in Des Moines. She specializes in Froglegs, Chicken wings and slipless eels."

"Earl Brooks is housekeeper. His wife is a great political leader in their community. The house is ideal under Earl's management."

"Gladys Groth is the only lady house painter in Iowa. House painting is quite the fad in her community."

"Lillian Sorenson and Irma Ortner run a housecleaning establishment in St. Louis. Their work is guaranteed and the largest house can be cleaned from attic to basement in a day. They are amassing quite a fortune for themselves."

"Verna Nelson is an auctioneer near Walnut, Iowa. Farmers always turn out to the sales now."

"Lowell Houser is instructor in the Chicago Art Institute. He has a lovely bungalow in the suburbs."

"Ruth Parsons has been abroad studying French. She expects to teach French at Monticello Seminary when she returns. She always liked French so well."

"Erma Olsan represents Iowa in the House of Representatives."

"Berniece Woodward has a cucumber farm near Oskaloosa. Her products are famous for their size and color."

"Loreen Ragsdale, having already been an expert at "make up" immediately opened a Beauty Shop in Mason City."

"Marie Rayness, you remember was so very quiet. She has abandoned her serene outlook on life and has become a chorus girl at the Hippodrome."

"The Governor's chair in South Dakota is filled by Nell Taylor. She is up for second term. Her summers are filled making book reviews."

"Barbara Stanton is the owner of the Stanton row boat line operating between San Francisco and Hawaii."

"For several years Howard Gore has lived a hermit life some place in the Rockies."

Occasionally emerging to attend a football game.

"Marie Sherman is proprietor of a first class tonsorial parlor. She employs women only."

"Letha Seymour is a second Barney Oldfield. She is a regular speed demon."

"Possibly you were not acquainted with Edith Ruggles. She owns an airship line running between Ames and the college, carrying hot lunches especially, but anything can be hauled."

"Quite recently I read of a discovery made by Ada Robinson. She is an antarctic explorer and is famous for her daring expeditions."

"You remember Neva Spence? Well, she totally disappeared after the class prophecy was written. Some think she left the United States in haste to avoid being lynched by the Seniors. We expect her to return some day somewhat improved."

He: "No doubt."

She: "Won't you come up to the pop corn factory and get something to eat. You must be hungry?"

He: "You bet I'll come. Lead me—I'll follow."

Exit—Curtain.

A SPRING CRY!

In the Spring my meager brain power
Seems to melt and die away.
And departing, leaves me stranded
Stranded in a hopeless way.

Thoughts have fled and brains departed
In my vacuum now so vast,
'Tis in vain I summon knowledge
I have met my doom at last.

'Tis no use to ponder longer
Some knowledge to obtain,
So I'll sit still and listen
To those who have so many brains.

Where, oh where is bottled knowledge
Sold to anyone who wants?
Give, oh give me sixty bottles
To avoid my teachers' taunts!

SENIOR CLASS WILL

We, the Seniors of Ames High School, of the City of Ames, County of Story and State of Iowa, being of sound mind and disposing memory do hereby declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills, bequests and devises of whatever nature by us made.

1. We bequeath, devise and give to the Powers of this institution everything which we are unable to recall, just at present.

2. To Mr. Wygant we leave one ton of non-excuse slips plus a dozen books to keep each weeks announcements in.

3. To the angelic Juniors we will our mischievous ways and recipes for causing trouble.

4. To the flirtatious "Sophs" we will our dignified manners. Please accept them one and all.

5. To the Preps we give what remains of the nerve racked faculty.

6. To Dad and Mr. Ragsdale we bequeath our gum wrappers, peanut shells and all waste paper scattered about A. H. S.

7. Sam Battell bequeaths eight inches of his length to Cleo Duckworth.

8. Mae Adamson wills her ability as a conversationalist to Danny McCleod.

9. Gladys Allen leaves her athletic ability to Jeanette Kuehl.

10. Ackley Beman leaves Edna to Chester Ide.

11. Grace Bentley wills her giggle to Vivian Snook.

12. Earl Brooks wills his stride to Donald Innes.

13. Percy Carey gives his gold football to Carmine Richardson.

14. Edna Coe wills her diamond to Cleo Lockwood.

15. Faye Griffith leaves her Marcelle wave to Mildred Davis.

16. Gladys Groth bequeaths her dignity to Ida Meldrum.

17. "Peg" Adams is given Burrill Burns to care for by Thelma Houghan.

18. Lowell Houser wills his artistic ability to Edmund Loughran.

19. "Burn" Hubbard leaves his swiftness to Lyle Haverly.

20. Chas. Knapp wills his shyness to Clyde Tanner.

21. Ted Kooser leaves all play makeup to Donald Kennedy.

22. Bertha Lawson bequeathes her studious qualities to Dorothy Smith.

23. Arnold Livingstone leaves his old shoes to Galen Dodds.

24. Leslie McWilliams leaves his many girls to Jerry Morrissey.

25. Geverna Erickson wills her acting ability to Gladys Knight.

26. Marjorie French leaves her brain box for Theron Barger.

27. Margaret Macy wills her French correspondence to the first applicant.

28. Josephine Maroney wills her erectness to Dorothy Dragoun.

29. Anson Marston donates his Senior picture to Miss Kelley's Rogue's Gallery.

30. Robert Murray wills his key to the "Spirit" office to "Smithy" with best wishes.

31. Verna Nelson bequeathes her gracefulness to "Kate" Steel.

32. Pearl Nunamaker wills her office desk to anybody that will take it.

33. Erma Olsan gives her conscientiousness to Marybelle Cure.

34. Frank Kulow gives his full course on "How to Kid the Teachers" to Irwin Douglass.

35. Bartlett Proctor leaves Margaret and the Paige to Gordon Copeland.

36. Mary Reed gives the piano stool to Anna Ruth.

37. Ada Robinson leaves "Bill" in Miss Prentice's care.

38. Floyd Scarborough wills the Western Union office to Franklin Adams.

39. Elizabeth Scovel gives her blue sweater to Edith Petty.

40. Marie Sherman wills her expert shorthand ability to Doris Gray.

41. Nell Taylor wills her smile to Margaret Matlack.

42. Homer Tostlebe wills his Corridor Club membership to Herman Cole.

43. Charline Woods give her walk to Miss Miller.

44. Ben Wagner bequeathes his wit to Paul Davidson with his khaki sweater thrown in for good measure.

45. Russell Thompson gives his "Camels" to Ralph Dove.

46. "Bill" Tanner leaves his class naps for Leonard Stenerson.

47. Fred Stoddard gives his musical talent to Sherwood Stokka.

48. Neva Spence wills her ability to write to Marjorie Chase.

49. Edith Speers wills Miss Miller's friendship to Faye Caul.

The remaining fifty-six Seniors think that they shall escape this small whirlpool of knowledge and go on into the world without meeting death so they therefore withhold their wills until a later date.

Before fatigue overtakes us we shall sign this praise-worthy doctrine this ninth day of June in the year of our Lord nineteen-hundred and twenty-one.

Signed:

A. H. CLASS OF '21.

Sealed:

AGNES McCARTHY

(Attorney everywhere except in law).

Witness:

MISS CLARA KELLY

(Advisor of the noteworthy class of '21)

LONELINESS AND NELL

The men were seated around the fire,
And it was burning low,
And through the giant redwoods
The wind did moaning, blow.

"Now let us each tell a story
Of the folks we left at home
Of how we went into the wilds
And why we like to roam."

And so, each told his story,
Some were sad and others were queer,
Some liked the life out in the wilds,
While others found it drear.

They finally came to one young man
Who simply sighed, and said,
"I left my home, as I was alone
And all my folks were dead."

Then all were suddenly silent
A dog's cry rang forth in the air,
And soon the animal himself
Was standing among them there.

He would run up to them, whining,
And then disappear in the dark,

And then run back, amidst them
And wildly began to bark.

So they followed him into the forest
And there, pinned beneath a tree
Was a maiden, pushing and tugging,
But unable to get herself free.

They lifted the tree off her
And carried her to the fire
And, taking care of her that night,
Not one of them did tire.

And when the day was dawning,
The young man, Stanley said,
"I'll take her back to her home
And you can go ahead."

So she mounted his horse before him
And pointed out the way,
And when they reached her father's house
Her folks asked him to stay.

He remained and helped her father
Cut down the trees to sell,
And before the month had passed away
He was in love with Nell.

And so the days passed quickly,
And the party of hunters returned
"What happened?" they asked Stanley,
"About you we were concerned."

He laughed and told them, he stayed
To help the father of Nell
"And friends," he said still smiling
"I've something else to tell."

"You remember I said I was lonely,
Well, I'll never be any more,
Let me introduce my future wife!"
And Nell stepped thru the door.

—Marjory S. Jacobs

March 6, 1921
Hollywood, Cal.

Once when a famous artist was at a dinner party, a gushing woman said to him: "I saw your latest picture and kissed it, because it was so like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?"
"Why, no!"
"Then," said the artist, "it was not like me."

EDITORIAL

THE LAST WORD

As the class of '21 makes its departure from old A. H. S. it has a few ideas to unload.

Having come to the much anticipated end of our four years in high school, we feel a bit of regret when we realize that they are over. We almost feel at times that we would like to live them over again—of course only the pleasant parts of them.

To all the students and faculty of Ames High who have helped the Spirit we wish to express our sincere thanks for helping us to make a high school paper possible. Especially do we feel that we owe a debt of gratitude to the business men of the city. Knowing that it sometimes did not help them much financially they have bought advertising in our paper because they were interested in the school and school activities. Without advertising it would have been impossible for us to publish a paper.

With this, to all our friends and schoolmates, we make our bow.

CLASS SONG

Tune: Ah's Dun Contented. "Opera, Singbad."

We are Seniors don't you know
And on our journey soon will go;
Out in the world so staid and cold,
Someday we'll wish we were back in the fold.
But today our cares are laid aside,
And we can say with happy pride,
"For four long years we've tried our best,
To make a perfect mark in every test."

CHORUS

Oh! we are happy as we can be
Our cares are ended. Now, don't you see
Dear Ames we leave you,
Our laurels won
We peppy Seniors of '21.

REPEAT THE CHORUS

A Rhyme of the Cities

Said little Johnnie to the Owl:
"I've heard you're wondrous wise,
And so I'd like to question you;
Now, please, don't tell me lies.

"The first thing, then, I'd have you tell,
My empty mind to fill,
Pray, was it that explosive beef
That made Chicago Ill.?

"I've heard it said, yet do not know—
In fact, it may be bosh—
Then tell me, is it lots of dirt
That makes Seattle Wash.?

"When certain things will not go straight,
To right them we should try;
So, maybe, you can say what 'tis
Sets Providence, R. I.

"Another thing I wish I could
Inform my waiting class,
Is just how many priests it takes
To say the Boston Mass.?

"This is the time of running debts,
As you must surely know;
This secret, then, impart to me;
How much does Cleveland, O.?

"In ages, too, you must be learned,
More so than many men;
So, tell me in a whisper, please
When was Miss Nashville Tenn.?

"It takes great heat the gold to melt,
And iron takes much more;
Then is it true, that way out west,
The rain melts Portland Ore.?

"Some voices are so strong and full,
And some so still and small,
That I have wondered oftentimes
How loud could Denver Col.?"

The Owl he scratched his feathered pate;
"I'm sorry little man;
Ask some one else, I cannot tell;
Perhaps Topeka Kan."

ATHLETICS

WITH THE CINDER TRACK ARTISTS

Ames High has shown more interest in track events this spring than in former years. More cinder aspirants have turned out for regular practice and as a result more meets have been held.

Coach Emmert has been handicapped by lack of experienced material with which to work.

First an interclass meet was staged. This proved to be a close race between the Juniors and Seniors. The Juniors won the meet by a total score of 50½ points; the Seniors with 46½ total points, the Sophs. with 18½ and the Freshmen with 1, ranking second and third respectively.

Immediately after the class meet the fellows got together and elected Irwin Douglass captain of the 1921 track team.

We were represented at the annual Drake relays, held on April 23, by a two-mile relay team composed of Captain Douglass, Sherman, Brooks and Malcomb. The team that took first in this event was Cedar Rapids, who later in the year at the Penn relays copped national honors. Running against strong schools from all over the state the fellows mentioned above certainly did well to place seventh.

Since then, three meets have been held with Marshalltown, Boone and Perry. All have resulted in defeats for A. H. S.—however much valuable experience has been gained by those competing and perhaps better days are in store for us. Anyway remember what "Peck" said, "It takes a better sport to lose than it does to win."

MARSHALLTOWN HANDS US OUT A DEFEAT A LA TRACK

For the past three years Ames has made the journey over to the "Marshalltown Stadium" to battle with that school for track honors. This year to change the monotony Marshalltown visited us.

The M. H. S. delegation brought over a

very well balanced team, especially strong in the dashes and middle distance runs. College time was made in the quarter won by Jones of M. H. S. in 54:04.

Results for event, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and time, were as follows:

100-yd. dash: Jones, M.; Whitaker, M.; Douglass, A.; 11:01.

220 yd. dash: Crome, M.; Whitaker, M.; Adamson, A.; 25:01.

1 mile run: Brooks, A.; Malcomb, A.; Hodson, M.; 4:55 4-5.

220 low hurdles: Mason, M.; Void, M.; Textrum, A.; 30:04.

Shot put: Douglas, A.; Travis, M.; Galvin, M.; 38'11".

Broad jump: Pickard, M.; Douglass, A.; Wickersham, M.; 18'3".

½-mile run: Furtz, M.; Whitaker, M.; Brooks, A.; 2:12 2-5.

440-yd. dash: Jones, M.; Crome, M.; Adamson, A.; 54:04.

High jump: Richard, M.; Stoddard, A.; Calvin, M.; and Proctor tied; 4' 10½".

½-mile relay won by Marshalltown, 1:41.

Discus: Thompson, M.; Malcomb, A.; Gore, A.; 92'5".

Total score: Ames 33½; Marshalltown 70½.

BOONE TAKES MORE THAN HER SHARE OF SCORE

A dual meet with Boone High School proved to be a great success—for Boone. As in all other athletic contests held with B. H. S. this year her athletes got unruly so we had to give her the ripe end of the score.

PERRY SENDS STRONG BUNCH OF TRACKSTERS TO CLASH WITH AMES

At four o'clock on the evening of May 19, the Perry and Ames High School track teams held a dual meet on I. S. C. field.

Playing havoc with all the available dope Perry sent even a stronger team than did Marshalltown.

There were no records broken in this meet, however, Adamson of Ames ran his quarter in good time 57:02; as did Reis the half in 2:17 2-5. Perry's weight man heaved the shot 39' 11" and slung the discus 103' 9"—both good records.

Detailed results, event, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, time as follows:

H. Hurdles: Reel, P.; Rolleston, P.; Textrum, A.; 22.

100-yd. dash: Reel, P.; Simpson, P.; Douglass, A.; 11:02.

1 mile run: Brooks, A.; Ellsaser, P.; Sherman, A.; 5:12 2-5.

Pole vault: Reel, P.; Malcomb, A.; Ralston, P.; 9:02.

High jump: Forfeit to Perry.

220-yd. dash: Simpson, P.; Whiteman, P.; Douglass, A.; 25:04.

Broad jump: Simpson, P.; Douglass, A.; Whiteman, P.; 18'11".

440-yd. run, Adamson, A.; Little, P.; McQuire, P.; 57:02.

½-mile run: Reis, A.; Malcomb, A.; Elsaeser, P.; 2:17 2-5.

½-mile relay: Won by Perry.

Shot put: Nolan, P.; Douglass, A.; Dove, A.; 39'11".

Discus: Nolan, P.; Collins, P.; Malcomb A.; 103'9".

220 low hurdles: Reel, P.; Textrum, A.; Proctor, A.; 31.

Total Score: Ames 34; Perry 79.

Owing to the fact that the Athletic association is slightly embarrassed financially, it is impossible to see the track squad picture in this "Spirit." Much as we regret this fact it cannot be helped.

"The world is so full of a number of things I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And yet, we wouldn't and couldn't be happy if we tried. Especially discontented would we all be if we took a trip thru the Manual Training building; for we'd immediately want everything that is made. The work the boys are doing is deserving of more than passing attention.

Fred Stoddard is just finishing a cabinet phonograph. If it were to be purchased from a dealer the cost would be around \$425.00 and then it wouldn't just suit one's

needs. This one serves as a library table as well as a musical instrument.

Several boys have been making lamps. Sam Battell has put in lots of work on an odd shaped, and very pretty, table lamp.

Earl Hunter and Loren Textrum are making lamps too. Norman Graves has just finished some candlesticks.

Howard Gore and Earl Brooks are finishing costumers. Harold Haug is just completing a walnut piano bench.

Mr. Singer has made arrangements for six weeks of summer school. The summer session will begin just as school closes. All boys interested in summer school must notify Mr. Singer immediately.

Mrs. Everts took her Physics classes to the college Friday morning May 20, to see the I. S. C. heating plant and the Physics and Chemistry laboratories.

We learned gobs of things but we were interested to know that the fourth ward alone used 176,000 gallons of water Thursday.

Some water! Eh?

The Public Speaking Class gave one act of Whiz Bang in the big evening show at the Ag Carnival Friday May 21, at seven and nine o'clock in the A. H. laboratory I. S. C.

A "Jiggs and Maggie" pantomime and a Japanese chorus filled the program as:

JIGGS AND MAGGIE

Jiggs Arnold Livingstone
Maggie Ruth Miller
Their Daughter Agnes McCarthy
Dinty and his Pals Nelson, Jensen,
Dove and Rosenfeld.

CHORUS

Esther Stenerson

Ruth A. Miller

Verna Nelson

Ted Kooser

Hazel Morrison

Geverna Erickson

Grace Bentley

For Sale—A full blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens and several stoves.

Wanted—Ten girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor.

N - E - W - S

The Unaliyi Camp Fire had a picnic last week at Sunset Rock. They made a big bonfire and roasted wienies and marshmallows. Blanche and Ruth said the water was just fine.

Cleo Meredith spent a day in Des Moines last week.

Pearl Nunamaker visited in Des Moines for a day last week.

Dorothy Bullock, Sidney Armstrong, Dorothy Dragoun and "Tubby" Clark went on a picnic in the woods, not long ago. They don't know what woods they went to but they reported a good time. Dorothy Bullock will tell you who the chaperone was.

Last Friday Geneva and Frank Kulow visited in Des Moines.

May 25th Clarence Godard won the tennis tournament after a number of hard fought games.

SOCIETY

Beryl and Bevier Spinney had a party in honor of their sixteenth birthday, Monday evening May 16. Eleven boys and eleven girls were present. The yard and house were decorated with Japanese lanterns, the color scheme being pink and white. One of the games "Prince of Paris Lost his Hat," proved that "Lolly" will make a good auctioneer. The evening was spent in games and dancing followed by dainty refreshments served by the hostess and host.

Blanche Sills entertained twelve of her girl friends from Nevada with a three course dinner Tuesday evening May 10 at six o'clock, at her home. The table was decorated in pink and white, sweet peas being used.

Saturday May 14, at one o'clock the Y. W. Cabinet was entertained at a three course luncheon at the home of Mrs. Anderson. The hostesses were Mrs. Anderson, Miss King, Miss Rayburn and Miss Nowells who are sponsors of the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Wy-

gant was a guest. A most enjoyable time was had by all present.

The Ahwenhatagi Camp Fire girls hiked out to the violet patch Friday May 13, and there ate their suppers. They gathered a few violets but report them not as plentiful as usual.

Thursday evening May the fifth the Freshman class enjoyed a picnic north of the rustic bridge. After a sumptuous supper every one joined playing games and everybody had a dandy time. P. S. We were surprised to learn that Miss King and Miss Britton were such good runners.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The Junior-Senior banquet was held at the Lodges at 7:15 Saturday evening May 21.

A delicious four course dinner was enjoyed by all after which a very clever program of toasts was given.

At each plate a program in blue and grey, the colors of the class of '21, was found which when opened read:

MENU

Fruit Cocktail Salted Pecans

Veal Birds

Mashed Potatoes Gravy
Hot Rolls Jelly Olives Radishes

Combination Salad Marguerites

Ice Cream Cake Coffee

Toastmistress Agnes McCarthy

"Prunes to Prisms" Burton Olson

"Prisms to Prunes" Ben Wagner

"Fol de rol" Cleve Welsh

"Fuss and Feathers" Neva Spence

"Chop Sticks & Chop Suey" Miss Ruth Hiller

Prof. and Mrs. Agg, Prof. and Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Simmons and Mr. and Mrs. Soper of the Board of Education were guests.

MISS MINERVA'S COLUMN

Dear Miss Minerva:—

Why do people take field glasses with them when they go to the First Bluff on Sunday?

L. McW.

Dear Sir:—

To study nature, of course. Didn't you ever study nature, on Sunday? It's very interesting.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

Is it proper to go to the Scout Cabin for a picnic?

Floyd

Dear Mr. Floyd:

Yes, it is quite proper providing there is no danger of a shower. The cabin isn't water proof in some places.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

I am seriously considering buying an engagement ring for my girl. Is it all right to get married?

Mr. A. B.

Dear Mr. A. B.:

It may be all right but remember its no one's fault but yours if you are not happy.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

I am fat and would like to be thin. What had I better do?

"Chunky."

Dear "Chunky":

Hand in your name to Mr. Emmert. A good roller is needed for the tennis courts. To offer your services wil eliminate the cost of buying a roller. Besides rolls are good for fat people.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

My mother will not let me have a steady. What shall I do?

Miss—

Dear Miss:

There is an excellent book published on this subject. It is entitled, "The Blessings of a 'Steady,'" by M. M. R.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

I would be very much obliged if you would tell me how the girls fix their hair.

Bertha L.

Dear Miss L.:

At night before retiring divide the hair into as many strands as possible, wrap each strand around a ten-penny nail, glue the ends down with a mixture of equal parts of Karo syrup, melted rubber and leaf lard. In the morning comb out the nails, the hair will be soft and curly. Throw the hair for-

ward, and on the back of the head pin an old stocking or piece of dyed cotton. Carefully comb the hair back to conceal the foundation, pin it in place in any design that doesn't fit the face using all the hairpins and combs the hair will hold. Over all this pin a fine fish net.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

My seventh period history class is very unruly. I would appreciate your advice very much.

Miss Clara Kelley.

Dear Miss Kelley:

Make the whole class take final exams. This does not hold true for the other history classes.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

Does Charline always go to the Phi Gamma dances?

Prep.

Dear Prep:

Yes, dear, that is an established custom.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

My teeth look so big and horrid whenever I laugh. What shall I do? I'm just sick about it.

Homely.

Dear Afflicted One:

Don't laugh, others might get sick too.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

Why do so many boys wear dirty collars?

X. Y. Z.

Dear X. Y. Z.:

Well, that's rather a hard question. Probably because they haven't any pride, maybe they haven't found any little girl to go with yet (girls sometimes make a difference in a gentleman's appearance) or maybe they want to look downright shabby.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

Why do the big guys make us dig dandelions?

Freshie.

Dear Freshie:

In order to keep fresh in your minds the days when you were smaller and played in the dirt with your little toy spade. By the way, I would advise you not to call a Senior a "big guy." The results might not be pleasant.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

I am very jealous of a certain person. Would you kindly advise some treatment for my case.

Green Eyes.

Dear Green Eyes:

If you will write me and describe the "certain person," what he or she is doing—also describe yourself as to color of hair, skin, lips, neck, etc. Tell in your letter too, just how you have treated said "person," and I will give you information on this subject. I have a special treatment that wouldn't do to publish here.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

I took a young lady to the movie the other night. When we were nearly home a gang of howling girls jumped out from behind a house and mobbed us. I didn't know what to do so I said "pas ici" and went home. Was that all right?

B. W.

Dear B. W.:

Girls are the limit aren't they? You did right by going home when you did, otherwise you might not have lived to quote "pas ici" again.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minerva:

Is it correct to say "I have the spring fever and don't want to study?"

Junior.

Dear Junior:

Leave off the last five words, they are superfluous.

Miss Minerva.

Dear Miss Minervy:

Is it true that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love?

Wallace.

Dear Boy:

Quite so. Same might have been stated about a maid. Kindly spell my name with an "a."

Miss Minerva.

Dear Minerva:

What is the Cafeteria Track Team? Who is its yell leader?

Curious Onlooker.

Dear Curious:

It is an organization composed partly of faculty and partly of students whose chief aims are: to reduce and not appear hungry. They are faithful and persistent in their practice and may be seen leaving the school house promptly at 12:00 (if not before), their goal being the Domestic Science lunch rooms. Their yell leader is Clinton Adams; his observation post, Physics windows.

Miss Minerva.

As Mr. White was taking Miss Jones home last night, he was hit by a dog on the Public Square.

SENIOR INITIALS AND WHAT THEY SPELL

Emily Mellor—Every Man

Gertrude Murray—Growing Merry

Hazel Morrison—Happy Miss

Ruth A. Miller—Real A. Musing

Harriett Sloss—Happy Scout

Myrl Smith—Many Smiles

Kathryn Smutz—Knee Settee

Lillian Sorenson—Little Saucy

Clinton Adams—Come Again? (7 nights a week)

Brice Gamble—Brilliant Guy

Mae Adamson—Much Avoirdupois

Marjorie French—Many Friends

Verne Adamson—Very Applicable

Geverna Erickson—Good Entertainer

Gladys Allen—Good "Amie"

Earl Downey—Enviously Devoted

Sam Battell—Some Boy

Harriett Allen—Happy Always

Ethel Dawson—Eats Daily

Edna Armstrong—Everybody Admires

Sidney Davis—Some Dude

Hattie Ball—Hurry Back

Dorothy Craven—Don't Care

Marjorie Beam—Much Beloved

Ruth Confare—Rosy Cheeks

Ackley Beman—Adorable Boy

Edna Coe—Endless Cooing

Grace Bentley—Growing Beautiful

Thomas Clark—Take Care!

Earl Brooks—Energetic Boy

Percy Carey—Precious Child

Estey Beman—Everybody's Brother

Berneita Burton—Boy Batty

Ethel Armstrong—Eat Always

Jane Gans—Jazzy Girlie

Anson Marston—Army Marshal

Mildred Ghrist—More Gas

Josephine Maroney—Joke Maker

Myrl Garretson—Morrel's Girl

Elmer Malmanger—Enjoys Mildred

Howard Gore—Harvesting Grain (from his Field)

Leslie McWilliams—Law Maniac

Margaret Macy—Modern Maid

Harold Gilbert—Hates Girls

Agnes McCarthy—Arranging Mischief

Arnold Livingston—Always Laughing

Clarence Godard—"Cherchez"—Girls

Bertha Lawson—Becoming Learned

Fay Griffith—"Fat" Girl

Lois Lawler—Live and Laugh

Neva Gilbert—Nice Girl
 Gladys Groth—Getting Gay
 Thelma Houghan—Talks Hastily
 Frank Kulow—Famous Kidder
 Grayce Johnson—Good Joke
 Burnice Hubbard—Big Hugger
 Lowell Houser—Lifelong Happiness
 Ted Kooser—Toddling Kid
 Charles Knapp—Classy Kid
 Marie Sherman—Mechanically Serious
 Robert Murray—Real Monkey
 Eber Sherman—Extra Short
 Verna Nelson—Very Nice
 Blanche Shaw—Big Sister
 Agnes Noble—Always Noble
 Letha Seymour—Lovably Sweet
 Pearl Nunamaker—Pretty Nifty
 Elizabeth Scovell—Engaged Suddenly
 Leslie O'Brien—Lively Old Boy
 Floyd Scarborough—Funny Simp
 Erma Olsan—Eternally Optimistic
 Orley Ryan—Often Retiring
 Irma Ortner—Individually Odd
 Edith Ruggles—Enviously Robust
 Ruth Parsons—Rather Pert
 George Rosenfeld—Growing Rich
 Mildred Porter—Merry Pal
 Ada Robinson—Always Ready
 Bartlett Proctor—Pretty Boy
 Mary Reed—Much Racket
 Loreen Ragsdale—Little Rogue
 Marie Rayness—Much Reduced
 Bernice Woodward—Be Witty!
 Edith Speers—Ever Smiling
 Charline Woods—Childish Ways
 Neva Spence—Never Studies
 Rex White—Running Wild
 Barbara Stanton—Bad Sometimes
 Alice Williams—Always Willing
 Fred Stoddard—Fancy Saxophonist
 Mary Wasser—Marry Wealth
 Nell Taylor—Never Tired
 Ben Wagner—Bashful Woman-hater
 Albert Tesdall—Always Troubling
 Merle Van Epps—Manages Very Efficiently
 William Tanner—Worthy Thoughts
 Violet Tripp—Very Truthful
 Homer Tostlebe—How True (to E. S.)
 Russell Thompson—Real Timid?
 Florence Speers—Forever Serious
 Clemma Johnson—Can't Jar

"Did you take a shower?"
 "No. Is one missing?"

THE WAYS OF A HUSBAND OR WHY WOMEN GO CRAZY

The Thursday Afternoon Women's Club was in the last half hour of session. Every voice in the room was pitched to a high key, clamouring for attention. The main conversation of each one was her experience of married life. The noise sounded so much like a bunch of hens cackling that I slipped in unnoticed by the noisy brood and took in a few pointers.

Mrs. Doolittle had the floor. She had one of those 'perfectly adorable husbands.' Just the other night after she had planned so hard to have a lovely dinner of everything he liked, and tried to look her best herself, he called up at the last moment over the phone, saying that extra work at the office would detain him till late and that she need not sit up for him. And all the time she could hear the orchestra playing, "Every Little Movement."

She had no sooner filed her complaint than Mrs. Newcomer piped up from across the room, "Well, you shouldn't complain. My husband, when he does come home, camps down for the evening with his paper and pipe. Before we were married he was SO devoted. Every night he used to bring me candy or flowers. I asked him why he didn't ever bring those things any more, and what do you suppose he said? Well he said a fisherman was a fool that fed bait to his fish after he had them landed."

Then one of those nice, set-in-their-ways old maidens said that she always could tell a married couple going down the street because the man was usually two or three steps ahead and the woman was breaking her neck to keep up.

"Well, you should be thankful to get him to go at all," volunteered Mrs. Fitzgerald. "We are usually so happy to get them to go, that we don't mind if we can't keep up."

And so they rambled on. Each one had some fault to find with her dearly beloved better half. He was either too particular or he didn't shave twice a day. Some were grouchy when the kid squalled and wouldn't go to sleep. Some had a fit when the bills came in at the end of the month. Verily, verily, there was never a perfect man. Each woman decided, however, that her husband with all of his faults was not as bad as the

other men and that he was the only one for her. And then the meeting was adjourned for another week.

I slipped out as I had slipped in—unobserved by any of them and only too glad that I had been warned in time.

IMA MANHATER

HIGH SCHOOL PRESS ASSOCIATION FORMED

Ames Sends Delegates

Agnes McCarthy and Neva Spence, Ames delegates to the first Iowa High School Press convention held in Grinnell, April 29 and 30, under the auspices of Sigma Delta Chi, college journalistic fraternity, make an enthusiastic report regarding their stay there.

The girls left Thursday afternoon and arrived in Grinnell just after the supper hour. Being resourceful young ladies they obtained a square meal anyhow. They report that the greatest kindness and hospitality was shown them all during their stay by their hosts of Sigma Delta Chi.

Friday afternoon the meeting proper opened—warm both in temperature and welcome speeches. In the evening the guests "tripped the light fantastic" at the gymnasium till an almost late hour.

Nine o'clock Saturday morning the convention met again. Very helpful talks were given by several journalists. Officers for the coming year were elected. A constitution was drawn up and voted on. At noon a group picture was taken on the campus. That afternoon the delegates attended the track meet as guests of the Athletic department. At four o'clock a tea was given for the visitors at the home of Dean and Mrs. Nollen. Saturday evening the convention closed with a banquet at the Quadrangle after which toasts were given for the success of the new organization.

Next year and the years following, the convention will be held in Grinnell just as it was this year, under the auspices of the Grinnell chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. From now on the time set for the meet will be the last Friday and Saturday in October.

Agnes and Neva had a "swell time," they said, everybody was so good to them—especially attentive too, when they found

out Ames High won first prize in the editorial contest.

It pays to be from Ames High and if you are a staff member be sure and plan to go to Grinnell to the convention next time.

The moon was high,
 The stars were bright,
 The air was crisp—
 A lovely night.

She smiled at me,
 I kissed her—twice!
 Perhaps you think
 This wasn't nice.

But was it proper?
 Strictly so;
 I married her
 Five years ago.

She: "I wish you'd look the other way."
 He: "We aren't responsible for our faces, my dear."

That crushed feeling—when the rain shrinks your new wool suit till you gasp before help arrives.—Ex.

He snapped off the light, drew her down on the davenport and—
 "Oh Leslie, I don't ever want to see your face again."—Ex.

"Jimmy, do you know you haven't washed your neck?"
 "Gee whiz," said Jimmy in desperation, "ain't I going to wear a collar?"—Ex.

He: "Passed by your house last night."
 She: "Thanks"—Ex.

Careful mother: "Johnny, if you don't stop eating you'll bust."

Johnny: "Well, pass the cake, mother, and get out of the way."—Ex.

He: "What were you doing last?"
 She: "Oh, helping dad around the house."
 He: "Drunk again?"—Lemon Punch.

"Why, you seem to remember me," said the friendly matron to the cordial clerk.

"Of course I do," he replied. "I never forget a face I fit a pair of shoes onto."

She: "I have a confession to make. I can deceive you no longer. My right eye is made of glass."

He: "Oh, don't mention it. So are the diamonds in your engagement ring."

O'Brien, a union man, was shipwrecked. He swam eight hours, looked at his wrist watch and let himself sink a block from land.

Postmaster: "Young lady, this letter is overweight—you must put another stamp on it."

Sweet thing: "How silly! Why, another stamp would only make it heavier."

Primary teacher (holding up picture of zebra): "Now children, can any one tell me what this is?"

Brilliant little Willie: "A horse in a bathing suit."

"Did you ever do anything that hurt your conscience?"

"Yes, I shot a cat between the eyes once."

"Did that hurt your conscience?"

"No, but it hurt the cat's."

"I'll never ask another woman to marry me as long as I live."

"What's the matter? Did the last one refuse you?"

"No; she accepted."

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer.

"Nothing but bananas today, ma'am," was the polite reply.

Pedestrian (after being upset by fast automobile): "Officer, I demand that man's arrest!"

Officer: "You couldn't have seen his number, but would you swear to the occupant?"

Pedestrian: "I did swear at him, but I guess he didn't hear me."

Visitor at the jail: "My poor man! And why have they locked you up?"

Prisoner: "I reckon it's so I can't get out."

Father (to Sammy, coming home in a bedraggled condition): "Great Scott! What's happened?"

Sammy: "I fell into a mud puddle."

Father: "And with your new pants on?"

Sammy: "Yes; I didn't have time to take them off."

Police Commissioner to applicant: "If you were told to disperse a mob, how would you go about it?"

Applicant: "Pass the hat, sir."

The brilliant wit looked at the simpleton and winked at his companions. "Now," he said, "We'll have some fun."

"Were you ever married?" he asked.

"Yes," slowly replied the half-wit, "once."

"Who did you marry?"

"A woman."

"Oh, yes, of course it was a woman, you fool. Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir, my sister did."

He and She were strolling down the street past a popcorn wagon.

"Gee!" she said "that popcorn smells good!"

"It sure does," he agreed. "Let's stand here and smell it awhile."

"My poor lad! How you stutter! Did you ever go to a stammering school?"

"No; I do it naturally."

Gladys: "Mabel is two laps ahead of Emily in their leap year race."

Phillys: "Two laps?"

Gladys: "Yes—Harry's and Bob's."

What Did You Do?

Me: "If I should try to kiss you, how would you meet the emergency?"

She: "Face to face."

I ask ya, what would you do?

The Union National Bank

and

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Solicited

Start a Savings Account
Today

Small Boy: "Grandpa, please make a noise like a frog."

Grandpa: "Why Johnny, what do you mean?"

Small Boy: "Well, dad said if you would croak we'd get \$5,000,000."

Man's hair turns gray before woman's. That is known to be the case in every clime: the explanation is easy, for he wears his all the time.

Miss Hiller, to her famous public speaking class: "You may stand at your seats and I will give you exercises for articulation."

Arnold L.: "Shall we breathe?"

Miss Hiller: "I would recommend that you do."

DEFINITION

Kiss—Nothing, split fifty-fifty.

Shimmy—A movement that is shaking the world.

Another definition of "love" that many prefer: Love—An internal feeling of heavenly bliss; an outward appearance of darn foolishness.

It is only a matter of time until the man with the borrowing habit runs out of friends

A maid, a man, an open fan,
A seat upon the stair;
A stolen kiss, six weeks of bliss
And forty years of care.

Godard's Gift Shop

The Home of
Martha Washington
and
Spoehr's Candies

JESS' ABOUT VACATION TIME—WHAT SAY?

Go to the
Princess TheatreEvery day
and keep coolA complete change of air
every few moments

Bright history student: "Miss Kelly, where is the Kaiser now?"

For Sale—\$5.00 suits. They won't last long.

Miss Kelly: "The Kaiser is dead. I don't know where he is."

Gibbs (with newspaper) "Say, what do you think of these end-of-the-world predictions?"

Dibbs: "They're no good. Never knew one of them to come true in my life."

Detective: "Do you see that man over there? Well, he's a professional forger."

A teacher called Tommy to her desk, and, grasping him firmly, said: "Young man! The devil certainly has hold of you!"

"Guess your right, mum."

Friend: "Then why don't you arrest him?"

Detective: "I can't. It's not breaking the

law to make horse shoes."

"Shirts laundered in the rear."

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'flowers do it better'Say It With FlowersAddress: 300 Main
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modern wicker furniture?

Adams Furniture Store

has a large and good looking assortment

328 MAIN STREET

PHONE 520

Lon Link to Miss Rayburn: "If it hadn't been for you I would not have gotten a prize for writing poetry."

Miss R. getting puffed up: "Why?"

L. L.: "Because I wouldn't have had a subject to write upon."

Miss King, explaining how the body is cooled by the evaporation of sweat, "You know how cool you feel when you get out of the water after being in swimming. That is caused by the water evaporating off yoursuit."

Your School Days

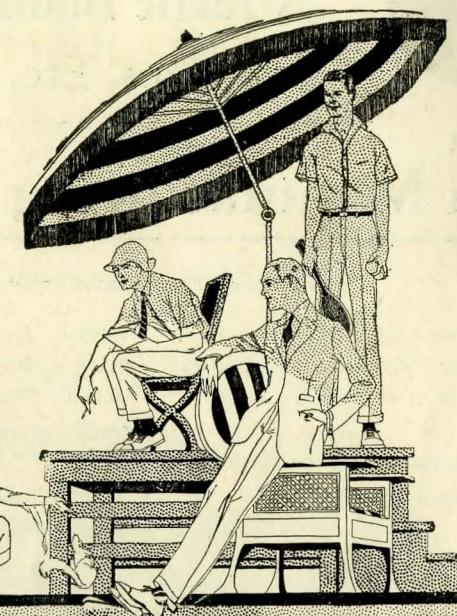
are gone too soon. Live them again
in after years by keeping a

Memory Book

It makes a personal history
of your school life

REYNOLDS & IVERSEN
AMES NEWS STAND

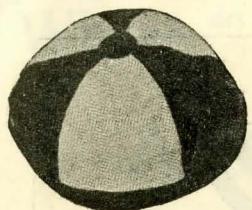
You buy a Memory Book but once.—Make it a good one.



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that will be comfortable
and attractive during
the hot summer days

The Tilden Store



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Athletic Blankets
Caps, Etc.



Manufactured by

Tilden Manufacturing Co. AMES, IOWA

Porter: "Miss, your train is—"

Precise Passenger: "My man, why do you say, my train, when it belongs to the railroad?"

Porter: "Dunno miss, why do you say 'My man' when you know I belong to my old woman?"

Sadie: "This paper says if you smoke cigarettes it changes your complexion."

Willie: "That's right; I am always tanned when I get caught smoking them."

Wanted—A man to take care of horses who can speak German.

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THE CHOCOLATE SHOP

For Reference

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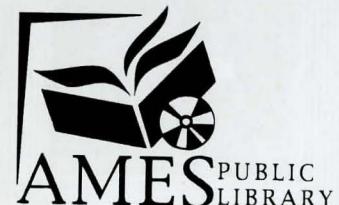
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